

THE IRISH NEWS—Will be published on SATURDAY morning, at 510 Clay street, 125 cents per week, payable to the carrier. One year.....\$5 00 Six months.....\$3 00 Three months.....\$1 50 Invariably in advance JEFFREY NUNAN.....Editor

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

DUBLIN, Sept. 21, 1867. The whole country is still in a state of amazement at the astonishingly daring deed performed by the Fenians in Manchester on Wednesday last. It continues to be the subject of conversation everywhere. Fenianism has "gone off by itself" since the occurrence. The feeling of satisfaction is general. Conservatives as well as Liberals speak of it in a tone of good humor, and appear to enjoy the immense surprise which it must have given the Saxons. This feeling is manifested chiefly because the deed was not only boldly conceived, but was successfully executed. Men who would have nothing but condemnations of its folly and madness if the attempt had proved a failure, have now a word to say on that score now.

The English papers, on the other hand, feel very sore about the whole business. They see the alarming and unpleasant side of it. To the English people it is no joke to know that in all their chief centers of commerce and manufacture an Irish political conspiracy grows and flourishes, and acquires strength and daring sufficient to undertake the most desperate enterprises. They cannot resist a feeling of alarm under such circumstances; the disagreeable circumstances force itself upon them that they are surrounded by a danger which they cannot grasp, and menaced by an enemy who has possession of an important position, and is, in fact, "within the circle."—*Cor. Irish America.*

Fenianism in Cork, and Tipperary is bad enough, but Fenianism in Manchester, Liverpool, and London is to the English mind, intolerable. Englishmen want to go on buying and selling, weaving and founding, and mining and eating, and drinking and enjoying themselves without interruption from any party. They have no objection that the country should be carrying on a war in India, or robbing the people of Japan, or burning American ships at sea, or sending Irish "rebels" to prison. But they want that on their own soil there shall be no interference with their business or their pleasures. But here comes this Fenian Society to trouble their peace, here comes Irish vengeance across the Channel, and takes up its abode in English towns and cities, and watches grimly for its opportunity to strike! This is the unwelcome intrusion, this is the serious aspect of the case as it now presents itself to the mind of the "sister country."

A man named Patrick Ryan, residing at the ninth Lock, Grand Canal, near Clonalkin, was recently found dead under peculiar circumstances. It appears, as reported on Saturday evening from Dublin, with a horse and dray, and when near his own house the dray must have been overturned, as he was married only a fortnight to a woman whose first husband met his death by drowning.

At a meeting of the Board of the Catholic University, held recently, Henry J. Tyrrell, Esq., Fellow of Royal College of Surgeons, Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and Surgeon to the Mater Misericordie Hospital, was elected Professor of Surgery in place of the late Professor Ellis.

Queen Victoria recently the new Oath and Office Bill, repealing some of the old penal statutes, and enabling Catholic mayors, sheriffs, judges, etc., to attend church in their robes, as in the case of Protestant officials—for the first time since the Reformation.

The body of a man named Patrick Newman, late of 52 Beresford street Dublin, was recently found floating in the Royal Canal, at Blackquill bridge, by a person named Hobb, residing at Dale's Cottages, Rathfarnham. The fact that about 14 lbs. weight of stones were found in the pockets of the deceased, leads to the supposition that he committed suicide.

Tipperary.

We are happy to perceive that the gentry and people of the county Tipperary are about to mark their cordial appreciation of the signal services conferred on the county during the last fifty years, by Ambrose Lane, Esq., who, after that long term in the discharge of the arduous duties of County Treasurer, now retires from his post, full of honors and of years, a most meritorious public officer, and a gentleman in the best sense of the world. We trust that the testimonial will prove the high esteem in which Mr. Lane is held by all parties in Tipperary; and that those who have had opportunities of appreciating his merits will mark their sense of virtues by freely and generously contributing to the compliment which is about to be paid to him.—*Tipperary Vindicator.*

A site for the Nenagh Young Men's Lecture Hall has been granted by A. Parker, Esq., Castlelough, and plans and specification are being prepared by Mr. Fogarty, of Limerick. Subscriptions to the amount of £1,000 have been received.

Clare.

A late Limerick Chronicle says: We learn that so crowded is Kilkee at present, that not a bed in a hotel or lodging house can be procured

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NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867. [NO. 9]

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

"Father, where is my Jamie to-night—Jamie so bold and so gay? The twilight shadows are falling now, Why does he stay away? Jamie is handsome and manly too, And he will be good and great; But, father, why is our darling boy A-staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more, He has grown to man's estate; He has gone a-courting Minnie Gray, The reason he stays so late; For her golden hair and her eyes of blue Have stolen his heart away. And he goes in the holy twilight hour A wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away, Now we are growing so old? And we have shielded him all his life, Our love has never grown cold; The maid can never love as we Have loved him all these years, Who have led him along the path of life, Sharing his smiles and his tears."

"But, Minnie, remember, long years ago, When I was handsome and gay, And you a maiden fair and sweet, That you stole my heart away, I had a father old and gray, And a mother kind and true, Who loved me kindly all my life—But my heart went out with you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek, Her eyes shone clear and mild, No longer she chided the lovely maid For winning away her child; She thought of the long ago, when she Stood close to her lover's side In the little church, and the man of God Made her a happy bride.

SIX LOVE-LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters?"

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "no," and not say "yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self, grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patting his on the shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all as much as hers, and you won't break her young heart I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, my dear," said Mr. Richmond.

"No—no—that is, I only"—grasped the little woman, and hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla for 12 months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his departing daughter.

"Lock these up until I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music master on any pretense."

And then Miss Lucilla went down upon her knees. "Oh, dear papa!" she cried, "dearest papa! please do not say I must never see him again. I could not bear it. Indeed I could not. He is poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful enough to make you I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With which remark, Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and so pleasing, I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope, I'm very much afraid," sobbed Miss Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla. "And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know), I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond. But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down—then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk, and as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla also. One who had received them 20 years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music master had written to her daughter Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angered and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm chair, and demanded:

"The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond again repeated, still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, my dear mama."

And then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure if papa should prove cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe—June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From the first moment he adored you,' eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment."

"With your smiles for his goal, he won both fame and fortune, poor as he is!" said Lucilla. Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. "Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!" Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die!' Dear, dear—how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter and took up another. "The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into such rhapsodies. I am sure. Ah! how, in number three he calls you 'an angel!' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would condemn me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest and earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you by my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla!"

"Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of the kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried; "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him!—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab—I—!" But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, are you crazy?" said Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa; it is dated 20 years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love-letters to mamma, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose!" and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said, "it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first, how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let dear Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy—have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as elopement; and, in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

STORY OF THE NOSES.

At Dewitz, in the neighborhood of Prague, there once lived a rich and whimsical old farmer, who had a beautiful daughter. The students of Prague, of whom there were at that time twenty-five thousand, often walked in the direction of Dewitz, and more than one of them offered to follow the plow in hope of becoming the sun-in-law of the farmer.

The first condition that the cunning peasant set on each new servant, was this: I engage you, he would say, for a year, that is, till the cuckoo sings the return of spring; but if from now till then, you say once that you are not satisfied, I will cut off the end of your nose. I give you the same right upon me, he added laughing. And he did as he said. Prague was full of students with the end of their nose glued on, which did not prevent an ugly, and still less, bad jokes. To return from the farm disgraced and ridiculed, was well calculated to cool the warmest passion.

A young man by the name of Coranda, somewhat ungainly in manner, but cool, adroit and cunning, which are not bad aids in making one's fortune, took it into his head to try the adventure. The farmer received him with his usual good nature, and the bargain made, sent him to the field to work. At breakfast time the other servants were called, but good care was taken to forget Coranda. At dinner time was the same. Coranda gave himself no more trouble about it. He went to the house, and while the farmer's wife was feeding the chickens, unhooked an enormous ham from the kitchen rafters, took a huge loaf from the cupboard, and went back to the field to dine and take a nap.

Are you satisfied?" cried out the farmer, when he returned at night. Perfectly satisfied, said Coranda; I have dined better than you have.

At that instant the farmer's wife came rushing in, crying that her ham was gone. Coranda laughed and the farmer turned pale.

A ham is only a ham, answered that master. Such a trifle does not trouble me. But after that time he took good care not to leave the student fasting.

Sunday came. The farmer and his wife seated themselves in the wagon to go to church, saying to Coranda, it is your business to cook the dinner. Cut the piece of meat you see yonder, with onions, carrots, leeks, and parsley, and boil them all together in the great pot over the kitchen fire.

Very well, answered Coranda. There was a little pet dog at the farm house by the name of Parsley.

Coranda killed him, skinned him, and

cut him up with the meat and vegetables, and put the whole to boil over the kitchen fire. When the farmer's wife returned she called her favorite; but, alas! she saw nothing but a bloody skin hanging by the window.

What have you done? said she to Coranda.

What you ordered me mistress. I have boiled the meat, onions, carrots and leeks, and Parsley in the bargain.

Wicked wretch! cried the farmer, had you the heart to kill the innocent creature that was the toy of the house?

Are you not satisfied? said Coranda, taking his knife from his pocket. I did not say that, returned the farmer. A dead dog is nothing but a dead dog; but he sighed.

A few days after the farmer and his wife went to market. Fearing this terrible servant, they told him to stay at home, and do exactly what he saw others do.

Very well, said Coranda. There was an old shed in the yard and the roof of which was falling to pieces. The carpenters came to repair it, and began, as usual, by tearing down the roof. Coranda took a ladder and mounted the roof of the house, which was quite new. Shingles, lath, nails, and tiles, he tore off everything, and scattered them all to the winds. When the farmer returned the house was open to the sky.

Villain! said he, what new trick have you played me?

I have obeyed you, master, answered Coranda. You told me to do exactly what I saw others do. Are you not satisfied? And he took out knife.

Satisfied! returned the farmer; why should I not be satisfied? A few shingles more or less will not ruin me. But he sighed.

Night came, and the farmer and his wife said to each other it was high time to get rid of this incarnate demon. As is always the case with sensible people, they never did anything without consulting their daughter, being the custom in Bohemia to think that children always have more wit than their parents.

Father, said Helen, I will hide in the great pear tree early in the morning, and call like the cuckoo. You can tell Coranda that the year is up, since the cuckoo was heard through the fields. The farmer seemed surprised. Well, my boy, spring is come said he. Do you year the cuckoo singing, yonder? I will pay you, and we will part good friends.

A cuckoo! said Coranda; that is a bird which I have always wanted to see.

He ran to the tree and shook it with all his might, when behold a young girl fell from the branches, fortunately more frightened than hurt.

Villain! cried the farmer.

Are you not satisfied? said Coranda, opening his knife.

Wretch! you kill my daughter and you think that I ought to be satisfied! I am furious. Begone, if you would not die by my hand! I will give you when I have cut off your nose, said Coranda. I have kept my word; do you keep yours.

Stop, cried the farmer, putting his hand before his face; you will surely let me redeem my nose.

It depends on what you offer, said Coranda.

Will you take ten sheep for it. No. Ten cows.

N. I would rather cut off your nose. And he sharpened his knife on the door-step.

Father, said Helen, the fault was mine; it belongs to me to repair it. Coranda, will you take my hand instead of my father's nose.

Yes, replied Coranda. I make one condition, said the young girl.

We will make the same bargain; the first of us that is not satisfied after marriage shall have their nose cut off by the other.

Good, replied Coranda. I would rather it was the tongue; but that was more next.

Never was a finer wedding seen at Prague. And never was there a happier household. Coranda and the beautiful Helen were a model pair. The husband and wife were never heard to complain of each other, they loved with drawn swords and thanks to their ingenious bargain, they kept for long years both their noses and their noses.

At Virginia (Nev.), October 6th, a miner named Pat. Price, while working in the Chollar-Potosi mine, was caved on several times and finally, crushed to death. The Trespass says: After the space of one hour had passed a second fall of earth buried him still deeper, when he called in heart-rending voice to his companions to be quick, as he was smothering to death; and then

all was silent except the falling earth and timber, which suddenly gave forty feet above in one grand crash, and sunk, with the other ground, to the lower level of the mine, where all that is mortal of Patrick Price now lies buried beneath thousands of ore and timbers, perhaps never to be exhumed. For the present it is impossible for men to approach the place of the cave, and it is expected that another huge mass of the old works will fall before morning. Price had worked in the mine for eighteen months, and was a faithful, sober, honest, industrious man, beloved by all his fellow miners and the foreman of the mine. He was a native of Ireland 28 years of age, and unmarried.

PARAGRAPHIC CRUMBS.

A Successful Alibi.—A fellow in Philadelphia the other day, accused of stealing a violin, scorned the injurious aspersions upon his honor, and claimed the benefit of an alibi. He proved his innocence by the records of the court, showing thereby, that when the fiddle was stolen, he was serving out a sentence for stealing a bass drum.

Square Gimblets.—"I want to see some of your gimblets," said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware-store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety." "Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

Courage.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Montreal at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol," said she; "don't be afraid."

What is the difference 'twixt a watch and a feather bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because the ticking of the watch is on the inside, and the ticken of the bed is on the outside."

A Raw One.—"Fine chance for you to live on wind," said an old fellow to a Grahamite, after an east wind had been blowing constantly for a week. "Yes," said the man of saw-dust breath, "but then one doesn't 'trellish it so well.'"

A Definitive Answer.—"The 'define it if you can, sir?' The bachelor's last folly!" was the answer.

A very unpopular officer for the ladies—General Housework. The pretties neck-tie for a lady—the arms of her baby.

The workmen employed the Farallone Egg Company have discovered, and now use exclusively for drinking and cooking purposes, the water of a spring about half a mile distant from the Light House. Before the discovery of this spring, which gushes from the rocky shore of the island, about ten feet above high water mark, the egg pickers were forced to carry water with them, or depend for supplies on the generosity of the persons employed in the Light House, who catch the rain and condensation of fogs in reservoirs. Now, however, they use the water referred to, and ascribe to it many desirable qualities. Several of their comrades have been sick and enfeebled by exposure; they lent properties, every day walk several blocks to the depot to imbibe it. It is the report of those who have drunk of it constantly and copiously that it acts as a powerful diuretic, and excites a desire for it. With a view of ascertaining what properties it contained we procured a bottle of the water and submitted it to a com- have been taken to the island and left there for weeks at a time and by drinking freely of the spring water they have been restored completely to health. Daily, when returning from their trips, the fishermen and egg-transporters bring vessels holding several gallons to the city, and many persons, who are aware of its excellent chemist for analysis. The following result of a qualitative, not quantitative analysis, has been returned. The water contains chlorides and nitrate of lime, sodium and magnesium, with traces of the sulphates of ammonia, soda and magnesium, and free hydrochloric acid. It is in color a delicate amber, and has a very agreeable taste. In any other country but this, in which mineral springs are so abundantly found, this water would be bottled and advertised to the world as possessing great curative properties. Any enterprising man may take hold of it, and acquire fame and fortune by introducing it. Physicians know its properties, and a multitude of persons, who have been benefited by its use, are at hand to testify to its efficacy in cases wherein diuretic treatment is required.

The South has not only suffered from the destruction of property incident to war, but has also retrograded in population to an extent from which it will take some time to recover. The census of Mississippi was taken by the State authorities last year, and the figures are suggestive. The total population in 1866 was 724,718, of whom 243,460 were whites, and 381,258 blacks. In 1860 the aggregate population was 801,213, consisting of 353,809 whites, and 447,404 blacks. The aggregate decrease of population during the six years, from 1860 to 1866, was, therefore, 76,585, or 10-439 whites and 60,146 blacks,



IRISH NEWS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

Foreign News.

LONDON, October 20.—A despatch from Paris announces that Italy has positively pledged herself to enforce the provisions of the September treaty. The French expedition is accordingly abandoned. Orders for the sailing of the fleet at Toulon are countermanded, and the troops are disembarking. The insurgents, in consequence of this action, have evacuated the Roman territory.

It is reported that the leading European Powers will unite with France in a joint intervention for the settlement of the Roman question. The French Cabinet have addressed a circular to its diplomatic representatives, solemnly pledging France to enforce the September treaty.

FLORENCE, October 21.—Rattazzi has resigned. The King has summoned Cialdini to form a new ministry. The people suspect that the new Cabinet is being formed in the interests of France. Petitions are pouring in from all parts of Italy protesting against the desertion of the national cause. Rattazzi to-night addressed a large crowd who were making demonstrations in favor of Garibaldi, assuring them that the King would maintain the honor of the Government.

Garibaldi has issued a proclamation which adds to the popular excitement. He urges the people of Italy to persevere in the struggle.

LONDON, October 21, Midnight. Accounts from the Papal States are conflicting. Florence telegrams say Garibaldi still maintains his position and is hourly being reinforced. Rome telegrams say all the insurgents have evacuated the Roman territory and abandoned the attempt.

MARSEILLES, October 21.—The Turkish Vicer has met a deputation of Crete insurgents in the presence of the Consuls of all foreign powers. The insurgents insist on the cession of the island to Greece.

BERLIN, October 21. The new postal treaty with the United States was signed to-day. The new domestic postal law passed and will operate through the entire confederation. The bill contains a clause that private letters shall be inviolate.

ST. PETERSBURG, October 21. The treaty for the sale of Alaska has been ratified by the Russian Government.

DUBLIN, October 21. The informer Kelly was shot and badly wounded. Several policemen were recently shot, but none seriously hurt. The trials of prominent alleged Fenians will occur by special commission November 25th. It is said the Washington Government will provide a defence for Nagle and Warren.

PARIS, October 22. The Moniteur announces the expedition to Italy countermanded. Italy having pledged an observance of the treaty of September.

FLORENCE, October 22. Cialdini has been unable to form a new cabinet, and abandoned the task. It is possible Rattazzi may remain in the cabinet with some change in the ministry. The popular agitation is great throughout Italy and an exceedingly bitter feeling is shown against France. Victor Emmanuel is loaded with reproaches for yielding.

FLORENCE, October 23. The news to-night is glorious for the cause of Italy. But the government has deemed it best to suppress the details for the present. Cialdini has succeeded in forming a new Ministry. All efforts of the police to discover the whereabouts of Garibaldi are futile. A number of citizens have been arrested, and the King to-day, and implored his Majesty for the liberation of Rome. Menotti Garibaldi is reported lying sick in the province of Umbria.

PARIS, October 24. The latest accounts represent the new Italian Cabinet as incomplete. Gen. Durando is hesitating to accept a portfolio, and Rattazzi is still acting Prime Minister.

FLORENCE, October 26th. Victor Emmanuel's soldiers refuse to fight against Garibaldi. It is considered certain that a new Ministry will be formed, and that it will be thoroughly radical, and whose policy will be to make Rome the Capital of Italy.

ROME, October 26th. The Pope, in a letter to the Bishops asks them to order prayer for the Holy See. The Police, in searching houses, met with resistance and used bayonets. They killed fifteen Garibaldians, and wounded thirty-six, and captured a quantity of arms and bombs.

FENIANISM.

In your last issue, I recommended that, in view of two Conventions of the F. B. being called to meet in this city on the 15th instant, it will be a fitting time to take such action as might lead to a union of the two into one. At any rate if some such action is not taken, and the happy result of a union of the Fenians in this State effected, it will not be the fault of the people at large, but of the elements composing those conventions. The Irish people in California and all over the United States, desire most sincerely, unity and peace, instead of interminable wrangling, as has been seen in, and has been the result of every convention that has been held since the impeachment of John P. Mahony. There is no real cause of division among the Fenians in California. Unhappily for them, men have been sent by them to their conventions, who were never sent by any body, civil, religious or military, to a convention before, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that they do not know how to demean themselves while sitting in their new positions. Not that they lack intelligence or ability; but they possess to an average extent; but they seem to be wanting in prudence, in moderation, and in personal considerations for one another. They should bear in mind that they are not sent by their constituents to hold a domestic dispute as to whether P. Mahony or Stevens, Roberts, or any one else were in the wrong. The settlement of these matters, our Californian conventions should leave to New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Jones Wood to settle as they see fit, and fight, and divide, and split over the attempt to legislate upon them, if they will choose to do so. But surely they should not draw our innocent, true, and confiding Californian Fenians into the whirlpool of their vexed disputes, nor into the vortex of their hatred dissensions. Therefore, with your permission, Mr. Editor, let me ask again, that our Californian Fenians may act separate and independent of all such influences. Erect upon this, the grandest country in the world, an independent Fenian standard. Show to the world that you are not the friend nor the ally of dissection; that you are capable and willing to have a mind and an organization of your own. Publish to the world a programme and a "platform" that shall command the admiration, the confidence, the support of all true patriots and lovers of Freedom. A platform that civilization shall not blush to own as an auxiliary in the march of human progress. But whatever plans operation you may decide upon, be sure and first adopt a declaration of total independence from all existing denominations of Fenians. Could you now recall your \$100,000, which has been gathered, raked and scraped, from the hard-working, industrious and over credulous Irish people of this coast, and which has been sent off as drift-wood upon the ocean of oblivion, it would be well; but that is gone forever, beyond the power of recalling. One thing you can do, and that is, take care of the future thousands, or tens of thousands which it is yet in your power to raise. See that no more money is thrown away, and lost to you and yours forever. Invest your money in home societies. Join in with the Immigration Aid Society. Couple your funds with theirs; and in less than a half a century, the whole population of Ireland can be transplanted upon American soil. By going in as a body into the Immigrant Aid Society, the California F. B. can do more good for the Irish people at home, and in one-half the time, than they can do by one hundred years of Fenian agitation, which, as it has been followed out for the past five or ten years, is two-thirds visionary and utterly impracticable. Then, I most earnestly implore both conventions, when they meet, to take these matters into their most earnest consideration; and should they fail to meet the views of the delegates assembled, they will still remain the honest convictions and settled views of their friend, brother, and well-wisher.

JUNES.

The debt of the United States is about two billions and five hundred millions. We do not know the exact amount of the debt of Great Britain, but it is about the same as that of the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTRA COSTA CO.,
Nov. 4th, 1867.

DEAR NEWS:—I date my letter in Contra Costa county, but in what particular spot, matters little to me or to you, for I will speak of several parts of it, but mostly of the parts I have traveled through, and where I have been kindly received and treated. I have seen so many good and bad things, that it is out of my power to relate all of them to you at once, so I will in this letter confine myself only to a few of the most prominent. Oakland, being the nearest point of the county to San Francisco, for Goat Island is not yet annexed, it was upon its gory soil, I made my debut. I say gory, for scarce had the blood of the Sauflys been dried up than the ground was again wetted by the blood of Richardson. But this was nothing but a murder, and murders are yet in the thick wave of civilization, and are likely to be so, for some time, at least. I stood at the depot, as the marshal came rushing along in his buggy, side by side with the negro, who had dyed his hands in the blood of Richardson, but an half-hour before, the marshal arrested him and drove him fast in his buggy to the station-house, so that he may not be lynched by the people. The particulars of this bloody deed has already been pretty well published in the newspapers, so I will here break off the subject, only that I was an eye witness, not to the shooting, but to the marshal, just he sat in his buggy after having delivered his prisoner into the arms of the law—the police station. I heard the marshal say that he arrested the prisoner while the corpse of Richardson still lay bleeding and lifeless upon the door-step of the prisoner. I went to the place. It was on market street, about four or five blocks from the depot. Before I arrived the body had been removed into town, but I stood for a moment to gaze upon the scene of the tragedy. The house is an old frame one-story building, standing alone upon one end of the lot which might be about half an acre of ground. The nearest house might be one or two hundred yards distant. A pistol of small report, fired at the door where Richardson was killed might have not been heard at the nearest house. He mounted the step, knocked at the door—having a warrant for the arrest of the murderer—the door was opened, and in an instant the pistol was placed to the left side of the officer's neck, not an inch above the collar-bone, and the jugular vein was cut in two, the man fell back, his feet still resting upon the door-step, and in a minute or two bled to death, the negro retreating into the house and locking the door again, and there he was found and arrested by the marshal. To the many questions asked by the people as to what will be done to the negro, I answer that he will be tried by the court and the laws, for he is now in the hands of both and there can be no doubt that his case will receive due attention from them.

ON TO SAN PABLO.

It is pleasing to leave a dismal story of murder, and enter upon one less so. There are two stages leaving Oakland daily upon the arrival of the nine o'clock boat from San Francisco. One of these takes the "Telegraph" road which takes a route along and through the foothills, until it reaches Pacheco, not touching at San Pablo or Martinez. The other stage, or stages; for there is an opposition on the road from Oakland to San Pablo, which carries passengers for fifty cents, a distance of twelve miles, runs to San Pablo only. There is no stage connection from San Pablo to Martinez, which is 18 or 20 miles. I shall say nothing of the gentleman who sends the stages out of Oakland, as he has refused to show the ordinary courtesy due by all public carriers to the agents of the public press—a free pass on his line.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

REGISTRATION. The total of registered voters in the South is figured up at 607,646 whites and 615,642 colored voters. The blacks have the majority in South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and the whites in Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas, and Texas. Mr. Charles H. Porter, who has been stamping Virginia for the radicals is said to estimate that the negro vote of that State will be nearly equally divided between the "white wing" and the "Hunnicut wing" of the Republican party.

Colored candidates have been nominated for the State Convention by the radicals of Dallas, Montgomery, Greene, and Hall counties, Alabama.

HEALTH OFFICER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

We have received the health officer's annual report for the fiscal year 1866-7. Ending June 30th, 1867. By Isaac Rowell, M. D., Health Officer of San Francisco. The Doctor has carefully compiled the number of deaths for the year ending June 30th, 1867, which is set forth in a preliminary statement to the Board of Supervisors, and continues with 20 or more pages, consisting of tables and other valuable statistics relating to health.

The following table will show the number of deaths for the year ending June 30th, 1867:

SUMMARY OF DEATHS.

Caucasian	2,322
Mongolian	161
African	98
Total	2,522
Males	1,669
Females	853
Total	2,522
Adults	1,398
Minors	1,124
Total	2,522

Table 1 gives the number and cause of death, the Ward in which the death occurred; also, deaths in Public Institutions, casualties, suicides, with their ages and sex.

The Saratogan of August 25th says:

A young man from Hudson, N. J., named J. Theodore Jones, was shot dead about 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, at the Union Hotel, in this village, by the keeper of the billiard room, Wm. J. Kirtley, who is known as Jack Kirtley.

It appears that Jones, in company with three companions, arrived here on the cars about an hour previous to the occurrence which cost him his life. All of the party were more or less intoxicated, and excited attention by their "skanking" with each other. Shortly after reaching the hotel they went into the boot room, where Jones amused himself in handling the brushes, offering to black a gentleman's face whose boots were being blacked. This was doubtless, done in sport. Subsequently Kirtley came in and took a seat to have his boots blacked, and laid his cane across his knees. Jones came up to him and snatched the cane, which Kirtley requested him to hand back. After some parleying, Jones returned the cane, stepping between the porter and Kirtley, and at the same time laid both hands on Kirtley's and impudently put his face close to Kirtley's. Kirtley pushed Jones away, when the latter slapped him in the face. Kirtley then followed him to the door, and Jones put his hand behind him while retreating, as though about to draw a weapon, at the same time exclaiming "Oh G-d—n you," when Kirtley drew his pistol and fired, the shot taking effect in the right side of Jones' neck, under the angle of the jaw in the vicinity of the jugular vein. Jones fell, instantly, and made no explanation after being shot, and in five minutes had ceased breathing. As soon as Jones fell, Kirtley said "I have shot a man where is Mr. Leland?" He then went in search of Mr. L., but not finding him at the office, returned soon after with the room-clerk, Mr. Brown. He was arrested immediately by Deputy Sheriff N. S. May, and taken to the lock-up, followed by a large and excited crowd. Jones was about 22 years of age, and deputy jailer of the Hudson County (N. J.) jail. His person was examined but no weapon was found on him. There was a pocket in his pantaloons behind, but it contained only money. He had an ordinary three-bladed knife in one of his pockets. Kirtley was a young man 24 years of age, and came from Salt Lake to this place. He says that he drew the pistol, supposing from Jones' movements that he was feeling for a weapon, and that it went off accident. The parties were entire strangers to each other. The pistol from which the fatal shot was fired was one of Ellis's five shooters, (having five barrels), loading at the breech and self-cocking. A very slight pressure suffices to cock and discharge it. Four barrels were found charged by Officer May, who took it from Kirtley when arrested him.

One afternoon, recently, says the Buffalo Express, about five o'clock, a large crowd had assembled in the Fair Ground of the Springville Union Agricultural Association, when a sharp thunder storm suddenly came up. The rain began to fall and the crowd took refuge from its effects in the exhibition sheds. A flash of lightning took place, accompanied by a loud peal of thunder, and instantly an awful spectacle was presented. The lightning struck one of the sheds which contained men, women and horses. About a hundred persons were paralyzed in an instant, falling on their faces, and as many as fifty were rendered insensible for five or ten minutes, while about a dozen were quite seriously burned. Two horses were killed on the spot. An old

gentleman named John Gordenier, and two or three others are not expected to recover. One woman was prostrated and deprived of her senses, but not of her power of locomotion. She instinctively gathered herself up and ran to the bus and was conveyed to Holmes' Hotel, and declares that she had no knowledge of what took place after the flash until she found herself in a room at this house. The lightning struck a post in the centre of the shed, against which Henry Tillon, the landlord of the West Falls Hotel, was leaning, and to which a horse was attached by a chain halter. The horse was killed instantly while Mr. Tillon escaped by being and knocked down. A singular fact mentioned in connection with the strange freak of the electric fluid is that all the persons rendered insensible fell upon their faces. A young lady named Miss Nellie Cassey, who wore a white and black checked dress, was quite seriously injured, and her dress was fairly scorched, but did not take fire. Another was struck on the shoulder the fluid passing down her side and raising a perfect blister in its course. A man from Otto was hit on the right side of the head, and on his recovery the mark was found to commence at the right eye, which was swelled like a puff ball, and could be plainly traced down the neck, across the chest, and off the left arm. The most fearful consternation existed among the people until it was discovered how light the injuries were that had been inflicted and the excitement was most intense. A great many attributed the stroke to the attraction of a moving machine which stood near the shed, but two boys who were sitting on it at the time escaped uninjured. In order, however, to avoid intensifying the grief which must have been felt by the innocent victims, and not from any sympathy to the actors in the drama, we abstain from giving names. For some months previous to the occurrence which we are going to relate, a gentleman, we believed connected with a mercantile firm of immense resources in one of the southern counties of Ireland, had, with his wife and family been residing in Queens-town. During their stay here, which was entirely for the benefit of their health, they moved in very high and select society. To all appearances the gentleman and his wife lived on affectionate terms, and nothing would appear to have interrupted the confidence which each possessed in the other until Saturday last. Among their newly-acquired acquaintances was an officer attached to her Majesty's troop regiments, at present quartered not many miles from the city of Cork. He was a frequent visitor to the place where Mr.—stopped, but familiarity was not between him and the gentleman's lady, not even that would arouse the least suspicion on his part of his wife's infidelity. On Saturday last the lady continued absent from her residence, causing some uneasiness, inquiries were made with a fruitless result. Dinner hour passed and there was no appearance; night came, and the cruel one was still absent. The patience of the husband was ultimately rewarded with the "consoling" news that the one whom he had loved and cherished had proved faithless to him, and had fled, the military individual already referred to being the companion of her flight. Mrs.—, it appears, came to Cork, and engaged a place to Glasgow in the boat which sailed on the 20th. Joined at Queens-town by the object of her unhappy choice, both managed to make good their escape, and thus converted a home to one of misery and pain. What makes this sad affair the more painful is the fact that three beautiful children have been deserted by their heartless parent. The fugitives have not yet been stopped in their career.—Cork Herald, July 25.

On Monday last a buxom milk-maid drove a donkey and car, on which was a large churn containing between twenty and thirty gallons of buttermilk, into the market square of Ennisnorthy. There being no other milk in the market at the time the cherry-checked maid was soon surrounded by a crowd of poor women eager to purchase. The maid observing the great demand immediately raised the milk to a famine-price. The poor women, monstrated, but the maid, having none of the milk of human kindness, was inexorable. The donkey, being under the car all this time, was paying particular attention to the argument on both sides, and taking it into his wise head to side with the poor woman, he lay down and up-set the whole contents of the churn that happened to be passing at the time now stopped up to the scene and regaled themselves plentifully after which they retired, vigorously grunting out their approbation of the whole proceedings. The milk-maid had to return to her master penitently, and presented a faithful likeness of the "milk-maid forlorn," in the house that Jack built.—Carlow Post.

The New York Irish People has the following:—Another crusade against Fenianism is now being inaugurated by the New York press—the ribald organ of Bennett, the old black-mailer, firing the first shot, as usual. That respectable paper draws on the credulity of its readers by publishing on Monday last, a bogus dispatch, dated from Troy, headed as follows:

"A monster meeting of the servant girls, generally, of this city, was held here last night for the explicit purpose of protesting against making further contributions to the Fenian exchequer in the present dilapidated state of that cause. The meeting was suggested by a private announcement, received here on Friday, and since made public at Cleveland, that an official appeal was to be made to this class in particular, and the women of America in general by the Cleveland Congress of Fenians, to come at once and liberally to the financial aid of the organization. 'The chamber-maids resolved last night—First, That they had not the slightest interest in the capture of Canada, and that they could not discern the propriety or fitness of the policy that would free Ireland through the reduction of the 'New Dominion.' 'Second—That they had now for several years poured out most freely of their small means, the scanty results of hard and honest toil—to sincerely aid in the liberation of Erin from the shackles of British dominion, and had seen those earnings thrown away and wasted by officers on the merest frivolities in the city of New York, and on so-called military campaigns, which had no foundation either in sense, practicality, or even well-grounded prospective success.' Third—'Up to this time all the money and munitions so lavishly furnished by the friends of the Fenian cause in the United States, throughout this and other countries, had been criminally diverted from their original purposes wasted without stint.' Fourth—That they would under no possible circumstances, contribute any further aid to the cause until they were assured beyond the peradventure of a doubt that such aid would be used only in the maintenance of an army whose objective point should be Ireland and Ireland alone. It was also recommended that similar meetings should be everywhere held.' The above embraces the spirit of the resolutions. The gathering was, of course, a novel one, but the proceedings were conducted in a very orderly and proper manner, the organization being similar to all public meetings. To be sure, made up as the singular convocation almost wholly was, of the female bourgeois servant element, there were many amusing informalities, both of action and of speech, but the intent of the meeting, as above set forth, was firmly adhered to and earnestly and conspicuously evident. The convention was the result of a common understanding among the servant girls, and the issuance of a private circular. At a future meeting it is proposed to adopt an address in answer to the one to be sent out from Cleveland by the Fenian Congress in session there.

The Rescued of Kelly and Deasy.

[From the Manchester Guardian, Sept. 20.]

There has been great excitement in Manchester this afternoon. At four o'clock the police van, conveying Col. Kelly and Captain Deasy, the remanded Fenians, to the city jail, was attacked by Fenians, armed with revolvers. The horses were shot in the head, the van forced open and Police Sergeant Brett, on guard inside, was shot dead. Two other policemen were shot, one dangerously, and others were assaulted with bricks. Kelly and Deasy and four female prisoners escaped, and have not been recaptured. Fifteen suspected persons have been taken. One of them is accused of shooting Brett. On the prisoners being brought up a second time at the Manchester Police Court, they were again remanded for further inquiry. About 3 o'clock the van was drawn up in the Police Court to remove all the prisoners to jail, and among them the two Fenians. At this time the police noticed two men hanging about whom they suspected to be Fenians, and a policeman made a rush at one of them to arrest him, in which he succeeded, but not till the man had drawn a dagger and attempted to stab him. The blow was avoided. The other suspected person made his escape. In consequence of this Kelly and Deasy were put in irons before being taken to the van.

When the van left the city it had to proceed over Ardwick green and along Hyde road, a fine, open street leading to the jail, and nearly a mile in length. It was drawn by two horses, and was guarded behind by seven policemen. The van had proceeded about half a mile up this road when, on passing under the viaduct which carries the London and North-western Railway across, with an open field on the right, a volley of shots were fired at it. The police-

men, not seeing where the shots came from dropped off the van and spread themselves out. There was then a rush of thirty to forty Irishmen on the police and upon the van. One man had a hatchet, another a hammer, and a third a bayonet, with which they set to work to break open the van. One took a revolver, and fired it into the lock. Ultimately, men with large stones broke through the top of the van and the panels of the door behind, and set all the prisoners, including the Fenians, at liberty. The policemen collected in a body and made a rush to prevent the prisoners being liberated, but several revolvers were discharged among them, and one constable was shot over one of his eyes, causing the eye to protrude, and was taken to the infirmary. A young man, a bystander, was shot through the head. It is expected that the Fenians, being in irons will be recaptured.

The streets of Manchester were in a state of great excitement all the evening. The officer shot in the head was Sergeant Brett. The van passed through his head and lodged in his hat. William O'Hara Allen, said to have fired the fatal shot, was chased and taken. Detective Bromley received a shot in one of his thighs. Another policeman was shot in the back, wounded but slightly. Both the horses in the van were shot. The driver was knocked off his box with a stone. A dozen arrests have been made.

Later in the evening, three men who were identified as having taken part in the rescue were escorted to the Town Hall by the dragoons. The Secretary of State has authorized a reward of £300 for Kelly and Deasy; the Manchester Corporation offers £200 for the men concerned in the rescue. Allen is said to have acted as captain of the rescuing party, and had been waiting with a number of followers four hours before the van arrived. He shot at the driver and policeman on the box, and at the horses. He also fired at Brett, who was inside the van and tumbled out when the door was forced.

MANCHESTER, Friday Afternoon.—No further disturbance of the peace is apprehended in this neighborhood, and there have been no signs of any kind of riotous proceedings, or of the sort of photography which has been going on in the streets. The police are on the alert from the moment that they were so unpleasantly aroused by the armed rescue on Wednesday evening.

There is no trace of Kelly or Deasy further than their supposed entrance into a cottage near Bradford or Clayton Bridge, suburbs of Manchester, within two miles from the place where they were rescued. It is thought that they would here get rid of their handiwork, or, at least, break the connecting chain, and it has been surmised that some friend may have been ready with disguises for them. Devoted friends they had, as the unscrupulous daring of Allen and his followers suffice to prove. In the event of their capture at any distant place, it is not expected they will be brought to Manchester. There has been a warrant out against them since March for their complicity in the Irish rising, so they will probably be taken to Dublin.

INSURANCE.

EDITOR OF THE BULLETIN.—Sir, I have read over with attention your commentary of the 18th instant on the downward tendency of the stocks of half-a-dozen of our "crack" insurance companies. You report that their shares have fallen eight to eleven per cent. within the last couple of weeks, and that in most cases the rates of interest are merely nominal; that in fact there are no REVENUES. This is precisely what I foretold to these gentlemen several months ago when I observed the illiberal and unbusiness methods they had adopted. The companies, founded on so many hundreds of thousands of "capital," (paper) would cancel people's policies if they presumed give a portion of their insurance to the Builders' Insurance Company. Yes, indeed. You might insure with Turk, Jew, or Gendarme, with New England or old England, with Gornal and Deane; but if you insured with the BUILDERS, your policies with the others were straight way canceled! And why object to the Builders' gentlemen? You are not called upon to pay their losses; the Builders' have to pay their own losses, and have so far paid them promptly. But the Builders' are only mechanics, not "gentlemen," and of course unfit to insure anybody.

Alas, gentlemen, I may say, in the words of Oliver Cromwell to the long Parliament of England, "The Lord hath delivered you into my hands." Observe, Mr. Editor, they decline to make dividends from "prudent motives"; rather prudent, one should say, when they have no profits to divide! Bah! And so all their vaporing and dignity and pretension have come to this: That from gross or mismanagement they are losing money and eating up the capital of their stockholders; while some of their labor consists in cancelling policies of their old customers, returning them the premiums paid, which, of course, are carried straight into the "Builders'."

These lights of Insurance Science are faint but thought the models of Commercial Men—the encourage of the young energetic and budding industries of California. Yet the whole city can discern their meanness and incapacity.

I now prophesy and proclaim that half of those pompous Institutions will dissolve or retire from business long before they have their fortunes made; and their existence will be remembered only by the unfortunate Shareholders—an inevitable result of all mean and vicious dealing in the world.

THOMAS MOONEY.

San Francisco, Oct. 19, 1867.

H. AG.

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